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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1528.

Choice Poetry.

THE PEASANT BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine,
Firmly and free on the green sward prest,
And the locks that over thy temples shine,
Wanton wild in the winds of the warm south west.

Care lurks not, boy, in thy laughing eye,
No clouds o'ershadow thy forehead's snow,
And the mellow tints of the morning sky
Lend to thy cheeks an eloquent glow.

Thy heirloom is pure and unbroken health—
A cheerful heart to endure thy toil,
And what thou wantest of this world's wealth
Is sturdily gain'd from the generous soil.

With the lark's first note thou'rt up and away,
Brushing the dews from the glistening sod,
And murmuring the simple roundelay
Which innocence hymns to the ear of God.

From the ardent sun of advancing noon,
Thou seekest the shade of some shelter'd nook,
Where the ring dove warbles its amorous tune
To the answering sound of the gushing brook!

There, sinking down on the stream's soft brink,
Thou gratefully takest thy frugal repast,
First bending thy lips to the stream to drink
The wave that glideth so cool and fast.

Then to labor again, till the waning sun
Seeks his place of repose in the western sky,
And the shades of evening come trooping on,
And the bird nestles low in the covert nigh.

They are coming to meet thee—the joyous band,
The flaxen hair'd girl, and the bold brave boy—
While the baby totters toward thy hand,
And clasps thy fingers with prattling joy.

To the cottage away!—to thy mother's knee—
To thy father's side—thou art welcome there!
That mother's smile is ever for thee,
And thou hast thy father's heart and prayer.

To slumber repairing, thy rest is sweet,
In the rafter'd chamber beneath the eaves,
Where the pattering rain drops of summer beat,
And wind complains 'mid the rustling leaves.

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine!
There's poetry wrought with thy sinless life!
I would that thy stainless fate were mine,
Passionless, careless, and free from strife!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TRIAL.

Let the prisoner be placed at the bar.
Legal Form of Invocation.

I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt prove;
And on the proof there is no more but this—
Away at once with love and jealousy.
Shakespeare.

There was quite a crowd of people assembled [illegible]

skipping little gentleman, exquisitely [illegible] ed; every expression, tone and caper [illegible] dapper "approbativeness." The name of this pleasant little fellow was Lovejoy. [illegible] was held, or rather the examination [was con]ducted in the parlor. The three m[agistrates] occupied seats at one end of the room. [illegible] Esq.," occupying the centre chair, a[nd supported] on the right by the pretty little Mr. [Lovejoy], and on the left by the stern and [illegible] Dangerfield. A long table was before [them, at] one end of which sat a clerk, with pen [and] paper before him. The family and vis[itors] in the house were requested to be pres[ent at the] examination. And indeed by this time [the house] swarmed with all sorts of people. The [servants], with frightened looks and whispering to[gether], collected in the passage ways.

Presently poor old Kill was led, or ra[ther drag]ged in, half dead with terror, and betw[een two] constables. He was the perfect ideal [of] guilt. His looks would have been [illegible] enough to any jury to bring in a [verdict of] GUILTY. Yes, his face then would hav[e hanged] him. He was followed by old Nerve, [weeping] bitterly, and goaded in by a man with [illegible] walking behind her. Kill was placed [before the] judges, and then Nerve threw hersel[f on his] neck weeping and hugging, and hug[ging and] weeping; while between sobs and gasp[s she ex]horted him as follows—

"Oh! Killus, honey! 'fess, chile! [illegible] ole marster up there—(I. Rock, Esq[illegible] bolt upright, very dark and threaten[ing]) ole marster up there how Sam got the[illegible] you! do, chile! Oh! Killus, 'fess! [illegible] your poor, mortal soul! Oh, honey! [illegible] them as kin kill the poor, ole, 'hrin, bla[illegible] but fear Him as can cast both body an[d soul in] hell! Oh, Killus! you an' me is ole, w[e is;] we hasn't got long to stay on this [illegible] hasn't! not many days we hasn't; an[illegible] goes an' tages away these few days, it [illegible] 'count 'pared to 'ternity—don't lose ris[illegible] long o' tellin' lies! don't!"

"I—I—I ain't got nothin' to 'fess [illegible] never didn't do it, Minny!" chattered the poor old Kill.

"Order, in the court!" thundered [illegible] Rock.

"Yes, marster! yes! I will order in th[e court] in one minute. Is it out in the yard? [illegible] Bob, an' order in the court, while I talk [to this] poor, ole, sinful, sufferin' angel! Bob'll [illegible] ster! I only wants for to 'suade my [com]'panion to 'fess an' save his poor, mor[tal soul]. Killus, honey! Killus! listen to me, hone[y; don't] look so scared! I dessay, it ain't so b[ad after] all, an', an' it'll soon be over—the deat[h; an'] then think o' the long 'ternity, if you'll [illegible] heave the bad truck off your poor soul!"

"I—I ain't got nothin' to 'fess, I keep [tell]ing of you!" sobbed old Kill.

"Oh! Killus! Killus, honey! you an[' me is] ole, we is! an' we'll soon be in 'ternity [illegible] an' does you think your poor ole Minn[y'll en]joy herself 'long of Mary, an' Joseph, an[illegible] an' Abraham, an', an' Isaac, an' Jacob, [illegible] rel Washin'ton, an' the other ladies an[d gentle]'men in Heaven, ef she seen how her p[oor ole] Killus was keepin' company long o' the d[evil, an'] Judas, an' Benedict Arnold? No, honey! [illegible] hear rap at the door! an' when Sam g[oes to] open it, you see your poor ole Minny [standin'] there, come to stay 'long o' you, an' th[illegible] an' the traitors! Oh! Killus, save you[r poor] mortal soul, an' mine, too—'fess, Killus!"

"If," wept the old man, with his head [illegible] upon his hands, "if anything could ma[ke this] here bitter hour, when they 'cuses me, [illegible] Mar get an' all my children, o' killin' o' [ole] marster, as I loved nex' bes' to God A'm[ighty], any bitterer!—it would be to hear my ol[e woman] think so wicked o' me!"

It must not be supposed that the mag[istrates] had sat there in patient silence, while th[is scene] was being rehearsed before them. Colonel [Dan]gerfield indeed had been stern and silent, [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] sir!"

"[Colon]el Dangerfield [illegible]

"[Re]ally did—"

"[illegible] my Heavenly [illegible]

"[illegible] creature! What [illegible] me!"

"[illegible] [sli]ppin', 'deed it [illegible] [th]ought how it [illegible]

"[illegible] your confession [illegible] and for the ex[illegible] who—but no [illegible]

"[illegible] for the ex[amination illegible] as I 'fessed, [illegible]

"[illegible] are not bound [illegible]

"[illegible] see, marster, [illegible] upon o' think[illegible] little pi'nard in [illegible]

"[illegible] man, what do [illegible] Dangerfield, [illegible]

"[illegible] ma, marster! [illegible] marster, for [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Picture Gallery.

CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

FROM ROTTECK'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

The Long Parliament having refused to comply with the request of the head officers of the Army, that they should lay down the power already exercised so long, Cromwell, at the head of a file of soldiers, entered the Parliament Chamber, April 20, 165[3], broke up the sitting, and drove out the members. It was upon this occasion that, being upbraided by that noble republican, Vane, Cromwell replied—"Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!" This was really a high compliment to Vane, for if he could have accused him of any grossness of life, he certainly would have done it. He was not very choice in the epithets he used towards the other members.

pel you to abjure your instincts, and even fill you with remorse, for ever having cherished an evil thought of them? Do you remember the anecdote told of Sheridan and one of his credi[tors] [illegible]

that on pain of my severest displeasure, you are not to mention to any soul, the scene that you witnessed."

"No, sir! I won't, sir!—'deed, sir, I won't!" [illegible]

out "bulbouses" in the garden; "but some how or other good and great as he is, it does feel to me as if Mr. Vellemonte oughten't for to be a priest!"

[illegible]

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.

[illegible]

THE SECRET CRIME.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

[illegible]

TAKING THE BLACK VEIL.

[illegible]

[illegible] chapel. I left it, [illegible] a shy, unsocial [illegible] even getting ac[illegible] found no friends, [illegible] not even busi[illegible] tailor—no par[illegible] myself with what I [illegible] presented itself al[illegible] ness. Perhaps it [illegible] very seldom vi[illegible] mockery than to [illegible] her form swath[illegible] made, and draped [illegible] of the order.—[illegible] upon her novi[illegible] Let me recall the [illegible]

[illegible] swum in darkly between me and all I loved on earth. I do not know how I left the chapel.

* NOTE.—I have had repeated opportunities of seeing the ceremony of taking the White Veil and the Black Veil at the Convent of the Visitation, at Georgetown. Nevertheless, for this authentic description, I am indebted to a rare volume, kindly loaned me for the purpose, by a Roman Catholic clergyman. I thought that the ceremony would be interesting to most of my readers, as among even the few who have opportunities of witnessing the rites, there are fewer still who can get near enough the altar to see, or are sufficiently familiar with the ritual to follow the rapid enunciation of the officiating priests and deacons in the services conducted in Latin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Articles.

SETTLEMENT OF OHIO.

BY REV. DR. M'LEAN.

Nor is it among the least of her advantages that Ohio possesses such a population as she now embraces. The original stock was the purest and best blood of the nation, and even that has been greatly improved by mixing and crossing. It has been said that God sifted three kingdoms to find seed to plant the United States. So I may say He sifted the whole of the old thirteen to find seed to plant Ohio—especially did He sift New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. About the New Englander there is certainly something peculiar and remarkable. In the quaint language of Carlyle, they are "the rock made men." The New Englander was not only the pioneer in the first settlement of the country, but with two or three exceptions he has been the pioneer in every new settlement throughout the country since. Go where you will, and you find representatives and descendants of the pilgrim fathers, who are always among the most religious, enlightened and successful of the whole population. The father is away on his little farm among the hills of Worcester, while his son is a surveyor or a judge in Nebrasca or Minesota, or a Representative in Congress from Iowa. The faithful and true-hearted girl, who has left her mountain home in the Granite State, to provide for herself, and earn something for the aged and dependent parents, [illegible]

[illegible]

A STUDENT MISTAKE.—When Sir Isaac Newton [illegible]

A DELICATE [illegible]

[illegible]

Original Lectures.

DR. RAPHALL'S LECTURES.

THE POST BIBLICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE I.

Deep interest having been excited by the admirable Lectures of Dr. Raphall on the Post Biblical History of the Jews, now in progress of delivery in the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania, we have that he taken ample notes, and will endeavor to spread the whole of them before our readers. The attendance every evening is large and respectable, and we observe among the audience many of our clergy, but other citizens distinguished for learning. In his introduction, R. stated that he had first been induced to deliver these Lectures at the request of the Directors of the Polytechnic Institution of Birmingham, England, at the time when the recent election of Baron Rothschild to represent the City of London in the Parliament of Great Britain, and the debates on the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews, had caused considerable excitement, and directed general attention to their past history, their present condition, and future prospects. The main subjects of the first Lecture were, " Jesus under the Persians—Alexander of Macedon at Jerusalem—The Hellenists—Antiochus IV.—Epiphanes—The Maccabees—and Judea Independent." Dr. R. said that the past history of the Jews is well deserving of attention, as it contains the legal charter, and down to the present day, with the most ancient and sacred records, from which the civilized world derived its faith, and on which it rests its hope. That the Jews, beyond all other nations, had exercised the most direct influence on the human mind—an influence which had outlived the philosophy of Greece, and the statesmanship of Rome, and to which every succeeding century, every advance in knowledge, every discovery of science, every improvement in the social system, affords greater strength and a wider scope. He said that as this was true, though all that was highest, holiest, most admired and most venerated, attaches itself to this people, their history and influence—yet the people themselves, scattered and despised, had, during many ages, been the jest of folly and the scorn of pride: and had even yet to struggle for civil equality and freedom of conscience. Speaking of the wide dispersion of the Jews, the lecturer said that whatever civilization dispersion by bloodshed, the law is either its forerunner or immediate follower,—wherever commerce spreads her sails, the Jew is sighted by cannot that band of peace and good-will which unites the most distant nations, and wherever the dignity of human nature has been respected in him, wherever he had been treated as a man and a brother, he had proved that he, too was made in the image of God, and that his bosom, too, could be the home of every virtue that adorns mankind: and even when the iron hand of despotism had crushed him to the dust, and the staying reason of contempt gnawed at his mind and cowed his better part of man, even then he strove to preserve those better feelings inseparable from the memory of his former greatness.

The next biblical history of the Jews, extending over two thousand years and almost the whole habitable globe, would place before them events highly instructive, and show them the powers of mind, both active and passive, carried to an uncommon height. They would see how the firmness of principle could resist the sternest decrees of power, how the inflexible determination to suffer could wear out the ruthless power to inflict, so that mild kindness even more, the lofty hope over the crushing reality. If it be true that the noblest sight in nature is a good man struggling against adversity, was must it be to see an entire people martyrs to principle, and, what is more, martyrs for it against evil? and who, when a few brief words would at once have delivered them from persecution and oppression, declined to utter those few words, because they could not do it with a clear conscience—because they believed God more than man, and valued truth higher than life. The lecturer then proceeded to enter on the more data subject of his lecture, in the course of which he gave a clear and highly interesting view of the connexion and influence of Persian and Greek politics, with and on the history of the Jews; the religious persecution of the Jews by Antiochus Epiphanes, and the wars of the Maccabees, which resulted in the independence of Judea.

The history of the Bible closes with the permission granted to Nehemiah to rebuild the city and walls of Jerusalem, a measure which secured the Jews against the malice of their neighbors, the Samaritans, the Idumeans, and the Ammonites, who, like Hottentots, were tributaries of Persia, but whose arrogance and obedience to the Great King, as the Sovereign of Persia was styled, had been shaken by the disgrace which had befallen his army in his wars with the Greeks; and still more by the humiliating terms of the treaty of peace he had been compelled to subscribe, after the bloodless defeat of his mighty host and land, by Cimon, the Athenian. In this treaty the King not only acquitted that henceforth the Greek cities in Asia Minor should be free, and governed by their own laws, but also engaged that no Persian ship of war should navigate the Mediterranean Sea, from the most Northern point of Asia Minor, unto the Southern confines of Palestine, and that no Persian Governor of the least of his many provinces should navigate the same branch of the sea-shore. Jerusalem, situated at that distance from the coast, henceforth became an important frontier town, the fortifying of which was a safe-guard to Persia; and to secure the attachment of the Jews, in the midst of so many tribes and nations disaffected, became an important object with the Court at Susa. With the exception thereafter of the defeats of Darius Codom, which fell on the protected Jews, they had no cause to complain of their condition under Persian supremacy, and when Alexander, or Macedon, invaded Asia, no people showed more obsequiously to the living breast of Persia than the Jews. As a strong proof of their loyalty and respect for an oath, the lecturer stated that after Alexander had repeatedly demanded the Persian satrap, he should resign Tyre. From an camp before that city, he sent his messengers to Jerusalem, and commanded the High Priest to furnish him with the same aid and supplies which had been, the Jews had furnished to Darius, King of Persia. The Jews, true to the monarch whom honor they had experienced, kept and faithful to their allegiance, refused to comply with Alexander's commands. Their High Priest, in the name of the assembled Council of Israel, replied that they had sworn not to bear arms against Darius during their lives, and that they could not break their oath of allegiance. The haughty conqueror fell offended. He vowed vengeance against the petty tribe that had dared to disobey his mandate. Tyre was soon subdued, and Alexander was next threatened by his sons. The long contained hostility and propensity of the Jews, had excited the envy of the neighboring tribes. The supremacy of Jerusalem and its temple inspired their rapacity. No sooner was it known that the victorious army of Alexander was marching against Jerusalem, than numerous reinforcements of Samaritans and Syrians, Phœnicians and Ammonites, Moabites and Idumeans, joined their ranks. The Jews, true to the High Priest, to furnish him with the same aid and supplies which had been the Jews had furnished to Darius, King of Persia. 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The High Priest, and the Jewish people, were in the utmost consternation and misery. Fullest sacrifices were offered for the Monarch without public prayers arose to implore the protection of the Almighty. A nocturnal vision revealed to Jaddua how to appease the incensed Monarchomenes. Accordingly, he caused the city to be ornamented with garlands and flowers, and the gates to be thrown open, whilst himself, and the other Priests, dressed in their sacred vestments, and the people dressed in robes of white, prepared to meet the destined conqueror. The solemn procession marched forth to Sapha, an eminence from whence the whole city and temple might be seen. No sooner had Alexander beheld the High Priest in his pontifical robes, ornamented with gold, studded with gems, on which was the golden frontal, than he fell prostrate, and adored the High Name which was there inscribed on golden characters. His attendants were astounded: the creature of this world, who imperiously expected the homage of almighty and pagan, were struck with amazement. All length Parmenion, one of Alexander's principal leaders, addressed him and said, " How comes it that you, before whom every one prostrates himself, should himself before the Priest of the Jews?" Alexander replied, "I worship not the man, but the God: for this further related how, previous to his entering on his expedition to Persia, he had, as a sacrifice, consulted Jove, in Macedonia, when the Jewish High Priest dressed as he was then before him: that the same appeared to him in that vision but encouraged him, and promised him victory: that all this, and that he considered by saying, " Now that I see him before me, my vision seems to my mind, and, as I am thus convinced of the Divine protection, I no longer doubt but I shall fully succeed in my undertakings." He entered Jerusalem as a friend, offered such sacrifices, and granted the nation all those favors and immunities which they solicited from him. After a short sojourn, he departed to complete the final subjugation of the Persian monarchy; and then to verify the prediction of the Prophet, that the Empire of Cyrus should be subverted by a Greek.

The imminent danger being removed, circumstances could joyfully acknowledge the Divine protection. But the present peace which seemed was not of long duration. Alexander died within a few years after his visit to Jerusalem. The principal leaders of his armies shared his Empire amongst them. Alike ambitious and grasping, each strove to raise his own power on the ruin of his companion. Constant warfare devastated the Eastern world; and, far as the conquests of Alexander had extended, tyrion, oppression, and cruelty trampled down the smothering intolerance. Judea did not escape the dreadful anarchy which ensued during this destructive warfare, waged by the generals and successors of Alexander. Ptolemy, King of Egypt, assembled Jerusalem on the Sabbath. The Jews did not presume to violate the sanctity of the day by entering on the work of slaughter even in self-defence, but themselves were offered, and Ptolemy abused his bloodless conquest by carrying away one hundred thousand captives, whom he settled chiefly at Alexandria in Egypt, and Cyrene. It was at this time a very frequent custom with the enemies of the Jews, to attack them on the Sabbath, knowing that on that day they would not fight, even to preserve their wives and children from slavery and outrage.

The next historical instance recorded of fearless devotion and high principle, the following is especially worthy of being mentioned. In one of his furious fits of drunkenness, a monarch of Asia ordered the sacrilegious conquest by carrying away one hundred thousand captives, whom he settled chiefly at Alexandria in Egypt, and Cyrene. It was at this time a very frequent custom with the enemies of the Jews, to attack them on the Sabbath, knowing that on that day they would not fight, even to preserve their wives and children from slavery and outrage.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

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The "Penny" old Friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to do so, they will show our Prospectus to some other friend that they think would exert himself, and be willing to do so. It must be remembered that we publish the largest weekly sheet in the world, and the cheapest paper, as on the amount and payment of the small sum.

DR. RAPHALL'S LECTURES

We have made arrangements for regularly receiving the interesting and instructive Lectures of Dr. Raphall on the Post Biblical History of the Jews. The learned Doctor is a friend to a Jew, and these lectures are given with much power, research, and deep interest in behalf of the Jews in a fairer light than generally obtains, before American Christians. We have read the first lecture, and find it highly interesting, for two reasons. First, as furnishing a history of the Jews from the close of the Scripture narrative to the present time; and, secondly, as making a powerful appeal to the generous feelings of thought among the Jews, the light in which they view their persecutions, and the manner in which they have borne the cruelties of their persecutors among all nations.

Dr. Raphall himself, we have been informed, is a man of fine talents, and while expressing his opinions with entire frankness, he is evidently among the ornaments of American society, as eminent for his Christian learning. He says in the first lecture, that while he studies other systems of religion, he has never found any thing that could be compared with the Bible, and that he is a Jew. Not an allusion bearing that name—but one who traced back his ancestry to Abraham, and who accordingly does not feel the least shade of their blood, and feast of their flesh, but who is proud to be what he is, and who, as a peculiarity towards his people, would argue that he was either more or less than a Jew, who denied the Jewish ancestry of the steward.

Therefore our readers will bear in mind, that the lectures contain the first history of the fortunes of the Jews, as viewed and told by a Jew. And, as such, we consider them of vastly greater interest, than if they were the production of a Christian. We all know what we Christians think of the Jews—let us now see what the Jews think of themselves.

EFFECTS OF EXCITEMENT.

The Good Lord chastens those he loves, and so and rather than injure other places of public amusement, we would recommend, that the great mass of the people were wanted to the great of going somewhere, and, as they could not go to the Theatre, they should go to the Jews, they worked of their effervescence in the worshipping of the Wooden Calf.

The Dempster's concerts—one of them given the same night we saw it—proved that the Jews better attended this season than ever they were. Dempster himself was in splendid voice, and sang with his accomplished and magical power. His patter—A Smith o'the age, one dollar, or even two dollars—appeared to be a high price for the privilege of hearing the inimitable Dempster's nonsense; but now it seems that the concerts were crowded to the doors, and the people had accustomed the people to. A hearty vote of thanks ought to be offered to Mr. Smith of Jacks, who had the courage to be original—but the poor public, who see before them a high prospect of high prices, are beginning to show signs of restiveness and impatience. They will find it all to their interest

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

GEN. TAYLOR'S REMAINS.

The remains of the late President were received at Louisville, Ky., with fitting honors. The authorities, the military, the firemen, and citizens in carriages, on horseback and on foot, marched in procession to the landing, preceded by the Mayor and Gov. Crittenden. The Governor made a few eloquent remarks, appropriate to the solemn occasion, to the relatives of the illustrious dead, which were only audible to those close to him. The coffin was then placed on a hearse drawn by four black horses, and the solemn cavalcade, about six squares long, moved on. The windows and pavements, and every available spot in the streets through which the procession passed, were densely crowded with people. The stores during the passing of the solemn pageant were closed. The body was finally interred in the family burying ground, seven miles from the city.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Temporary Home Association.—The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Temporary Home Association, will be held in Sansom Street Hall, on Friday, the 8th instant, at 3 o'clock, P. M. All are invited to attend, and hear what we have already done, and co-operate with us in our future efforts. By means of the Intelligence Office connected with the Institution, we hope to secure employment or permanent homes for the friendless women and children who may come under our care, and supply housekeepers, both in city and country, with worthy domestics. Donations in furniture or bedding are respectfully solicited by the Managers, at No. 22 Prune Street, where the "Home" is located.

Two Days Later from California.—There has been another terrible conflagration in San Francisco, by which one hundred buildings were destroyed. Preparations were to be made at once, however, for removing the rubbish and erecting more substantial buildings. The financial crisis still excited much remark, but it was thought the worst was over.

From the mines there is little to add to the intelligence brought by the Pacific. The accounts are somewhat contradictory, but still of a favorable character. New discoveries were being made daily. The rainy season was about commencing.

The passengers by the Alabama have considerable gold with them. Gold-dust was valued in California, at 16.13 to 16.33 an ounce.

Thanksgiving Day.—South Carolina had her [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE DROWNED CHILD.

[illegible]

A VIRGINIA MATRON.

[illegible]

THE MAN OF HONOR.

The cloth was drawn, the wine and dessert were put on, and Frederick Willis, seated at the head of his table looked on as merry a set of fellows as ever were gathered round mahogany.

The master of the feast was twenty-two years of age, and possessed about as many thousand pounds as he numbered years. To be young is pleasant enough; but to be both young and rich is extreme happiness. The father of Frederick Willis not only gave his son life, but bequeathed him money enough to enjoy life.

Frederick Willis had lately begun his career. So far he had proceeded with moderation and good sense; but a danger threatens him this evening. On his right is seated Captain Fitz Osberne, a newly-made acquaintance, and one not very creditable.

Captain Fitz Osberne was a tall and stout man. His appearance was comically ferocious. Nature had intended him for a fool only, but he had succeeded, by much study and pains, in superadding the bully. He had a loud voice, a swaggering gait, an imperious eye, and a large and well-dyed pair of black moustachios, which he had a habit of continually twirling with his thumb and forefinger. He was a soldier by profession, and a gambler as an amateur. He could not live on his pay, and he thought dexterity in play as easy and honorable a way of increasing his income as any other. The result proved his judgment correct; his purse was always well stored, and he was received without scruple into the best society.

Just about this time, however, suspicions were whispered about, in a very low tone indeed, that the gallant captain was more indebted to his finesse than to his dexterity or good fortune, and that, in fact, he was little better than a blackleg. As these suspicions were whispered in so low a tone, the captain, of course, was not obliged to hear them; but though he betrayed no cognizance of such disagreeable reports, he was too well aware of their circulation, and felt that the time had come for a grand coup de main, and retirement from play.

He marked out Frederick Willis as the victim. Twenty thousand pounds were here in the hands of a very inexperienced keeper, and he hoped that it would be no difficult matter to transfer this snug fortune to the custody of himself, who well knew its value. He contrived to get introduced to young Willis, and soon after he contrived to lose to him no less than three thousand pounds. It was following dinner, and much champagne, at the captain's own lodgings, that this artful loss took place, and Fitz Osberne could scarcely forbear laughing, as he saw Willis depart in a delirium of joy at this his first stroke in gaming. The captain was invited by Willis in return. "Two or three friends," he said, "would meet him but this should not prevent him from giving him his revenge." Fitz Osberne assented to this arrangement cheerfully. He made up his mind to lose again, but to a small extent, so as not to excite attention in those present; then, with another quiet evening at his lodgings, he calculated on finishing the business. It was essential to be prompt; for though Willis, he trusted, had not heard the reports to his prejudice, there was every danger that he would do so before long.

And now the second evening of this well-arranged series was in progress. The cloth was drawn, the wine and dessert were put on, and after-dinner had commenced jest, laughter, and [illegible]

General News.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The following account is from the New Orleans Picayune:

By a sailing vessel from Vera Cruz, which arrived here on Saturday last, came the negro man Marshall, a quiet, modest, unassuming person, on his way home from California. He went out with his master, Mr. Runnels, of Claiborne parish, in this State, who was taken sick last winter at the mines, near the foot of the Nevada Mountains, and after a long and severe illness died. Marshall took the utmost care of his master; was his faithful companion, nurse, and friend, and watched by him unceasingly until he breathed his last. There was nothing left to pay the funeral expenses and doctors' bills. Marshall set to work and labored hard until he managed to scrape together enough to settle these debts—($800)—debts which nothing but an admirable respect and veneration for his master's memory, an exquisite feeling of pride and affection, compelled him to pay. How few white men, near and dear relatives, would have done as much? He gathered together his master's clothes and other personal effects, and, with about $1,000 that he had made, started home to his master's family, notwithstanding his know- [illegible]

POLITICAL.

The City Council of Chicago recently passed resolutions nullifying the late act of Congress in regard to fugitive slaves. A large public meeting, at which 4 000 persons attended, in that city, has unanimously dissented from the act of the Council, and it has since rescinded the resolutions.

The New York Sun nominates Gen. Sam. Houston as the "People's Candidate" for the next Presidency, and asks "who will refuse to rally to his standard?"

Secretary Corwin's health, it is said, will induce him to resign his post in the Cabinet.

No returns of the vote at the August election were received from ten counties of Texas. About twenty thousand votes were returned. Judging from the vote returned, there are now about thirty thousand voters in Texas, exclusive of Santa Fe.

It is now said that the Whigs have carried both branches of the Legislature of Florida. We hope we shall get the truth finally.

The Pennsylvania Delegation in the next Congress, will stand 15 Democrats, 9 Whigs.

The Whigs of Michigan, at their recent State Convention, adopted resolutions in favor of Major Winfield Scott as the Whig candidate for President in the canvass of 1852.

The Virginia State Convention have resolved, by a majority of five, to adjourn over to the 1st of January next.

Mr. Robert Walsh, our Consul at Paris, has been removed. Samuel G. Goodrich, (Peter Parley, it is said,) will have the appointment.

A large meeting "in favor of the Union" was held last week in the city of New York. The resolutions endorsed all the Compromise measures passed at the last session of Congress. The "thanks of the meeting were tendered, to those eminent statesmen and patriots, Clay, Cass, Webster, Fillmore, Dickinson, Foote, Houston, and others, who, when they saw the Union in [illegible]

The Bounty Land Claimants.—The Secretary of the Department of the Interior publishes a notice to claimants of bounty lands, requesting them to address communications for information directly to the Commissioner of Pensions. He also gives the following information:

1st. That where the service has been rendered by a substitute, he is the person entitled to the benefit of the law, and not his employer.

2nd. That the widow of a soldier who has rendered the service required by the law, is entitled to bounty land, provided she was a widow at the passage of the law, although she may have been married a second time; but if not a widow at that time, the benefit of the act inures to the minor children of the deceased soldier.

3rd. That no person who has received, or is entitled to bounty land under a prior law, is entitled to the benefit of the Act of 28th September, 1850.

4th. That no soldier is entitled to more than one warrant under this Act, although he may have served several terms; but, where a soldier has served several terms, he will receive a warrant for the greatest quantity of land to which those several terms, consolidated, will entitle him.

☞ The Great Basin, in which the Mormons have established their homes, is some five hundred miles in diameter every way, between four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, shut in all around by mountains, with its own system of lakes and rivers, and having no known connection whatever with the sea.

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, Chas. S. Hall, E. A. Evans, Jas. Clark, John W. Allen, and P. Locke.

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

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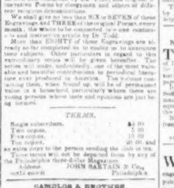

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE RAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the FARMER, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may promise, we will not be behind in the performance. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the largest list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The increase alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the whole circulation of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

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☞ The Saturday Evening Post is the best of our Philadelphia weeklies. It is devoted to matter of an instructing character, and is free from that frivolity which tends only to weaken the mind and deprave the taste. During the coming year many new and original contributions, drawn from life, will adorn its columns, and also a new series of Grace Greenwood's spirited letters.—Tribune, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.

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☞ The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the Post, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pander to the lowest and basest passions of men, but the "Post" is not of that class.—Gazette, Decatur, Indiana.

☞ The Saturday Post—a mammoth sheet, and the best literary and family newspaper in Philadelphia, if not in the world—is now about entering upon its thirtieth volume. Its prospectus for the coming year promises great attractions.—Democrat, Montrose, Pennsylvania.

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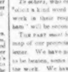

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Selected Poetry.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY MARY IRVING.

"Lovest thou Me more than these?"

Mother! bending o'er the cradle
Of thy earliest born,
Watching till the blue eyes open
To the rosy dawn;
Pouring from its purest fountain,
Earth's idolatry;
Listen to the voice that murmureth,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Sister! by the "midnight taper"
Counting labor light,
For thy childhood's best beloved,
In his manhood's might;
Still for him thine eye to Heaven
Lifting tenderly;
Back to thee that whisper stealeth,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Maiden! with a deeper trusting
Than a sister's own;
With the silent stars to watch thee,
Dreaming—all alone;
Dreaming of the star that lighteth
Earth and Heaven to thee!
Start not when another asketh,
"Lovest thou *Me*?"

Watcher! by the fainting night lamp,
O'er a fainter gleam,
Flickering on the lips thou lovest—
Love's last earthly beam—
With that last convulsive quivering,
To thine agony,
Comes the Comforter's still whisper,
"Lovest thou Me?"

Oh! our hearts by earthly loving
Learn the love of Heaven;
Not to wean from the Creator,
Was His creature given.
He who tunes our spirits' harp-strings
To such harmony,
Well may breathe upon them sweetly,
"Lovest thou Me?"

National Era.

A LESSON FOR FUTURE LIFE.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Every present holds a future in it,
Could we read its bosom secret right,
Could we see the golden clue and win it,
Lay our hand to work with heart and might.

True it is we shall not live in story,
But we may be waves within a tide,
Help the human flood to near the glory,
That shall shine when we have toil'd and died.

Therefore, though few praise or help or heed us,
Let us work—with head, or heart, or hand,
For we know the future ages need us,
We must help our time to take its stand.

That the after day may make beginning
Where our present labor has its end;
So each age, by that before it winning,
To the following help in turn shall lend.

Each single struggle has its far vibration,
Working results that work results again;
Failure and death are no annihilation,
Our tears, absorbed, will make some future rain.

Let us toil on; the work we leave behind us,
Though incomplete, God's hand will yet embalm,
And use it some way, and the news will find us
In heaven above, and sweeten endless calm.

Leaves from History.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

FROM THE "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

Napoleon did Josephine full justice, though his fatal policy sacrificed her happiness to his ambition. He said of her and of her successor—

"My life has been divided between two women extremely different one from the other; the first full of fascinations, for which she was indebted to art, and a model of grace; the second, all simple nature and innocence—each had her separate merit.

"Never, at any period of her life, was the first without her seductive and delightful charm; it was impossible ever to surprise her in a moment when this atmosphere did not surround her. All that art could invent to increase attraction she employed, but with so much skill that her secret was never discovered.

"The other, on the contrary, did not even suspect that she could enhance her charms by any artifice, however innocent.

"One was always on the verge of deception; her first movement was to deny: the other was entirely ignorant of dissimulation, and all subterfuge was unknown to her.

"The first never asked anything from her husband, but she was always in debt: the second never hesitated to ask for supplies when she required them, which was rare. She would have thought it impossible to become possessor of anything which she had not paid for.

"Both of these women were equally good, gentle, and attached to their husband. I always found each of them of the most perfect temper and most absolute submission."

Short-sighted Napoleon!—he did not show himself a good judge in comparing them. Josephine's broken heart did not accord well with the total indifference of Maria Louise to the fate of her hero—she who could throw away a locket containing his hair, which a Jew jeweller might buy of one of her servants—she who could remarry and live a long life of insignificance after his fall and the death of that son to obtain whose existence he abandoned her who adored him! But he believed in the attachment of the insensible Austrian to the last; and it was a happy delusion and consolation which one would have been sorry to take from the great "conqueror and captive of the world."

Josephine's love was all for her second husband, although the kindness and warmth of her heart caused her to devote herself to the first with all the enthusiasm of duty.

The Vicomte de Beauharnois was a very bad husband—inconstant, unstable, jealous, and selfish. He affected indifference towards her, and, after neglecting her entirely, complained of her conduct, and endeavored to obtain a separation from her, in which project he did not succeed, though he succeeded in making her very unhappy.

After Beauharnois was arrested on a false accusation, Josephine exerted all her energies to obtain his release, and, by her anxiety, became herself suspected, and was thrown into prison, where she had to deplore his fate, which she did with tears of such sorrow as should have belonged to one more worthy of her noble and forgiving nature.

Josephine was in the habit of communicating to her circle any remarkable news brought her by the daily *couriers from the Emperor*; and on one occasion she had to relate the event of a violent tempest having greatly injured the flotilla on the coast. The manner in which Bonaparte announced this was singularly characteristic. Knowing himself to have committed an error which was, in fact, the the chief cause of the great loss sustained, he arranged the narrative in a manner to throw the blame on the admiral commanding, as well as on the tempest, rather than name the real delinquent.

"By the *imprudence* of Admiral Bruix," he wrote, "it has been a mere chance that our fleet has not suffered enormously; but luckily it has braved the storm, and nothing can equal the enthusiasm of our men to proceed at once to the coast of England."

He proceeded to tell of an adventure which a few days after had caused him the utmost amusement, and how he had laughed immoderately to see the minister of marine upset into the water.

The real facts of both these incidents are thus related by one who was on the spot at the time they occurred, and it is singularly at variance with Napoleon's account.

"The other morning, on mounting his horse, the Emperor announced his intention of passing the whole of the fleet in review; he gave orders for the position of those vessels which formed a line of broadsides to be changed, as he proclaimed his desire to review them in open sea. He then proceeded, accompanied as usual by Rustam, to take his daily ride, saying that he expected to find everything in readiness on his return. The order was instantly transmitted to Admiral Bruix, who simply returned for answer, 'The review cannot take place to-day. Let no vessel, therefore, leave its post.'"

Soon after this the Emperor reached the port, and, asking if all was ready, was informed of the admiral's answer. He desired that it should be twice repeated to him, when stamping his foot, with his eyes flashing fire with anger, he sent off an immediate order that the admiral should come to him without delay. His extreme impatience, however, did not allow him to wait till his arrival, but he set off to meet him, which he did half-way. His staff ranged themselves in order behind him, in fearful silence, for the Emperor was more than usually irritated.

"Admiral," said he, in an agitated tone of voice, "why have not my orders been obeyed?"

"Sire," replied Admiral Bruix, with firmness and respect, "a frightful storm may every moment be expected. Can your majesty wish to expose so many brave men to inevitable destruction?"

"Sir," exclaimed the Emperor, more and more irritated, "I have given my orders, and, again I ask, why are they not obeyed? I take the consequences on myself; your part is to obey."

"Sire," said the admiral, "I cannot obey in this instance."

"Sir," cried the Emperor, "you are insolent!"

At these words, Napoleon, who held his whip in his hand, advanced towards the admiral, who drew back a step, put his hand to his sword, and said, turning very pale—

"Sire—beware!"

All those who looked on shuddered. The Emperor stood motionless, with his arm still raised and his eyes fixed on the admiral, who retained the menacing attitude he had assumed. At length, as if with an effort over himself, the Emperor dashed his whip on the ground, and at the same instant the admiral removed his hand from the pommel of his sword, and, bareheaded, waited in silence the result of this conference.

"Second Admiral Magon," said Napoleon, "I give you orders to execute instantly the manœuvres I have commanded. With respect to you, sir," added he, sternly, addressing Admiral Bruix, "you will quit Boulogne in twenty-four hours, and retire to Holland."

The Emperor then rode away to observe the movement which Admiral Magon, the second in command, was about to execute. But scarcely had the first changes been made according to the Emperor's directions, when the sky became obscured with thick dark clouds, the thunder growled sullenly, and the wind came bursting and howling along with such force as to break all the lines in a moment.

Exactly what the admiral predicted had happened. A horrible storm overtook the fleet and threatened it with instant destruction.

The Emperor remained as if transfixed, with his head bent down, his countenance overspread with gloom, and his arms crossed. Presently he began to pace the shore with rapid strides, when, on a sudden, piercing cries of distress were heard on all sides. More than twenty gun-sloops had just been stranded, the unfortunate marines were struggling in the midst of the waves and shrieking for help, but so appalling was the danger that no one answered these heart-rending appeals.

Napoleon seemed almost distracted at these sounds and sights, and, breaking from amongst those who, seeing his intention, were striving to retain him, he threw himself into a safety-boat, calling out—

"Let me go, let me go—they must be rescued from such peril as this!"

In a moment the boat he had entered was filled with water; one wave, larger than the rest, burst quite over his head and dashed off his hat, throwing it overboard. At the same moment, animated by his example, officers, soldiers, fishermen, and townsmen in crowds, leaped into boats, or dashed into the waves to endeavor to save their drowning fellow-countrymen. But their efforts were attended with but little success; very few of the unfortunate crew of the gun-boats were saved, and the next morning the inexorable sea threw on shore not less than two hundred dead bodies, together with *the hat* of the hero of Marengo!

One poor drummer, from whose recital Constant has transcribed the same account, vouched by many others, after suffering frightful dangers for more than twelve hours, at length quietly floated on shore seated on his chest, having escaped with a fractured thigh.

The dreadful morning after this sad event was one of horror and desolation throughout the camp, for but too numerous were the friends recognized amongst the bodies which strewed the sand. The Emperor's grief and remorse were extreme, and he doubtless bitterly reproached himself for his injustice towards the admiral, who was, nevertheless, much blamed for his laconic answers to the orders given him, which, in the unlucky humor Napoleon was then in, were not likely to calm or make him hear reason.

It is true that the admiral did his duty nobly in resisting such absurd commands, but his end in wishing to save so many lives would have been better answered by humoring the Emperor's weakness, and by condescending to explain, with more gentleness, the reasons of his disobedience.

The matter was, of course, hushed up as much as possible; but if Admiral Bruix had acted like another constable of Bourbon, he would have had as good an excuse as the ill-treated cousin of Francis I.

The other circumstance mentioned in the Emperor's letters to Josephine as having caused him so much merriment, was this:

Shortly after the grand *fête* of the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honor, the Emperor, on leaving the quay to reach a sloop, had to pass over a small plank which had been thrown across from the landing-place. Napoleon had stepped lightly and quickly over, but M. Crest, the minister of marine, being a heavy and unwieldy man, was less active and less fortunate, for, feeling the plank crack beneath his foot, he lost his equilibrium when about half way over, the plank snapped, and the minister was precipitated into the water.

Some sailors leaped instantly in after him, and soon fished him up, but he was not got on board without much difficulty; and was received, as it appears, by the Emperor with fits of uncontrollable laughter, which doubtless found an echo from many a voice.

Nothing was said by the discreet visitors of Josephine of the sad disaster of the storm of Boulogne; but the comic incident of the submerged minister furnished matter for infinite mirth and wit for some time at the lively court of Aix-la-Chapelle.

All on a sudden the whole of the department was thrown into a state of excitement by the announcement of the expected arrival of the Emperor himself, who was preceded by several great personages arriving one after the other with great celerity. Napoleon should have lived in the time of railroads, which would have exactly suited his rapidity of thought and execution. As it was, he reached Aix-la-Chapelle almost as soon as his intention was known, and made a military entry into the town, accompanied by several of his marshals—Mortier in advance, and Mouton bringing up the rear, both men of striking exterior and demeanor, and highly admired by the people, who were also in raptures with the magnificent appearance of the staff, but, it must be confessed, were disappointed in the sight of the great conqueror himself, particularly after the flowery and fairy-like accounts which had been spread of the remarkable resemblance borne by him to the idol of their fancies, the Emperor Charlemagne.

M. Maret, the secretary of Napoleon, was with him, and used to relate many amusing anecdotes of the freedom with which the great general was treated by the army, and how much these familiarities amused him. On one occasion the army of Italy, seeing Napoleon always in the same dusty and battered hat in which he had braved so many battles, entered into a subscription to buy him a new one, which present flattered and entertained him in the highest degree.

When his leisure permitted him to read a few of the innumerable letters addressed to him by the common soldiers, who were accustomed to write as if he was a near relation, deeply interested in their family affairs, he was extremely diverted, and almost always complied with the requests contained in such epistles, for instance, as the following:—

"Your majesty is too just, and too well acquainted with my uncle Eustace, not to be certain that he never will give me my share of my mother's property, except I go right home to claim it. This is the reason I want a short leave."

Sometimes a soldier would confide to him his disappointments in love, and a variety of domestic matters, requesting his interference to put affairs straight for him, which not unfrequently happened according to the writer's desire.

Of course, on the Emperor's arrival at Aix la Chapelle, there was a grand exhibition of the famous relics. The chemise of the Virgin, and the linen which wrapped the holy infant, were duly paraded, together with the bones of St. Stephen, and an arm of *Saint* Charlemagne. The latter relic particularly attracted the attention of Napoleon, who summoned Dr. Corvisart, who was in his suite, in order to ask him what part of this formidable arm the enormous bone preserved in a glass case for so many ages might be.

The doctor at this question, could not repress a smile, but remained silent, till the question being urged, *replied*, in an under tone, that the bone was in fact a *tibia*, which might have belonged to the leg of Charlemagne, but could never have formed any part of his arm.

"Well, well," said the *Emperor*; "keep your discovery to yourself; we must respect people's prejudices."

But this anatomical remark did not pass unheard or uncommented on by the curious and amused bystanders.

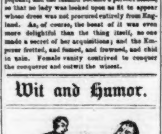
The door of the iron coffer in which these precious relics are kept is hermetically closed, and only reopened at the end of seven years in favor of crowned heads. Napoleon was, therefore, much pleased at the opening taking place in compliment to him.

Amongst the marvels shown was a beautiful little enameled box, the sight of which sent the empress into ecstacies of admiration. The archbishop told her that an ancient tradition prophesied great good fortune to whoever should be able to open it; but this had never yet been done. There was neither hinge nor lock to be seen, and it appeared entirely and safely closed; but no sooner did the empress take it into her hands than she was able to open it without difficulty, much to her amusement and delight.

Napoleon's enmity to the obstinate "island of the sage and free" could be, for the present, shown in no other way (not counting his plaything fleet, which was tossed about at the mercy of the winds at Boulogne) than in prohibiting any part of the manufactures of England from entering France. Nothing could be stricter than his laws on this subject; and nothing annoyed him more than to find them infringed. In spite, however, of this, he could not take a walk in the morning, or talk to a lady in the *salon* of his wife in the evening, without being shocked and enraged by observing that the whole female court, with the empress at their head, were dressed in English muslins, cottons, and every kind of article manufactured on the other side of the water.

The violent opposition which existed against this anti-national conduct rendered it the more piquant, and the fashion became a perfect mania, so that no lady was looked upon as fit to appear whose dress was not procured entirely from England. As, of course, the boast of it was even more delightful than the thing itself, no one made a secret of her acquisitions; and the Emperor fretted, and fumed, and frowned, and chid in vain. Female vanity contrived to conquer the conqueror and outwit the wisest.

Wit and Humor.



WONDERFUL THIEVES.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi River, told some rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent and expressive humph! and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London thieves all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up a business at the Desmoines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly every thing I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran away with my wife."

"Good heaven!" said the Englishman. "And you never have found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"*Worst*. Why, what *could* be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case. "Yes; a nigger woman who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and eloped and jined the Ingins."

"Great Heavens! And did you not see her do it?"

"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but she plunged into the lake, and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of alf-and-alf, while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time most remorsely.

"I—I sha'n't go any further West—I *think*," observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave; although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?"

"Lumbering—had a saw-mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and his saw-logs, too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night."

"Is it possible?"

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would whip 'em away as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill-ways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw-mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother, one day, bought an all-fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then sot down on the log to play keerds just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was sayin', they played keerds and drank whiskey all night, and as it begins to grow light, went to sleep a straddle the log. About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone."

"And they sitting on it?"

"Setting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end, which was pinted down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell, and the Scotchmen sitting a-straddle of it fast asleep."

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar-stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

WATTS STREET.—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts.

"Mon frien, what is ze name of zis street?"

"Well, who said 'twant?"

"Wat you call zis street?"

"Of course we do!"

"Pardonnez! I have not ze name you call him."

"Yes, Watts you call it."

"Zis street?"

"Watts street, old feller, and don't you go to making game o' me."

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times oftin vill you tell me se name of ze street—eh?"

"Watts street, I told yer. Yer drunk, ain't yer?"

"Mon little frien, vere you lif, eh?"

RATIONAL.—A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in November, to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived, he was told that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voice, "Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative who had been sent for.

"Oh!" said he, "he must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a hot toddy."

"I guess he ain't crazy," said the visitor, "he talks very rational."

NEGRO WIT.—Said a gentleman the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping: "Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are, how in the name of wonder did you get so black?"

"Why, look 'a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis child was born dare was an eclipse."

Ebony received a quarter for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued:

"I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigger may be brack, but he ain't green nohow."

A HIGH AUTHORITY.—Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was fitter for a steeple."

HOW IS IT TO BE DONE?—An Irishman, who was very *near sighted*, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time! This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk line it should go for nothing.

DON'T WAIT.—"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said an advising mother to her child.

"Well, then, mammy, let us eat the cranberry pie that's in the safe," was the child's precocious reply.

Pictures of Life.

THE EVERY-DAY YOUNG LADY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The every-day young lady is neither tall nor short, neither fat nor lean. Her complexion is not fair, but clear, and her color not bright, but healthy. She is not vulgarly well, but has not the least illness in the world. Her face is oval, and her hair, moderate in quality, is usually of a soft brown. Her features are small and unobtrusive: her nose being what the French passports call *moyen*—that is, neither one thing nor t'other—and her eyes as gray as glass, but clear and gentle. It is not the eyes that give her any little character she has; although, if you have nothing else to do, and happen to look at them for a minute or so, they win upon you. They are not varnished eyes, in which you can see nothing but the brightness; and not deep eyes, into which your soul plunges as into a gulf: they are more common skylights, winning into them a little bit of heaven, and giving you an inkling of good temper and feminine gentleness. Neither is it her air, nor manner, nor dress, that stamps her individuality, if she has any, for these belong to the class of society in which she moves; but altogether she gives you an idea of young-womanish refinement and amiableness, and you would think of her again when alone, if there were not so many of her about as to divide and dilute, as it were, your impressions.

The every-day young lady is usually dependent upon somebody or other, but sometimes she has a small independence, which is much worse. In the former case she clings like ivy, adorning, by her truth and gentleness, the support she is proud of; while in the other she gives her £30 a year to a relation as an inadequate compensation for her board and clothing, and lives in a state of unheard-of bondage and awful gratitude. Her life is diversified by friendships, in which her own feelings last the longest; by enmities, in which she suffers and forgives; and by loves—though almost always at second hand. She is a confidant, a go-between, a bridesmaid; but if she finds herself on the brink of a serious flirtation, she shrinks into her own foolish little heart in surprise and timidity, and the affair never becomes anything but a Mystery, which she carries with her through life, and which makes her shake her head on occasions, and look conscious and experienced, so as to give people the idea that this young lady has a history. If the affair does go on, it is a public wonder how she came to get actually married. Many persons consider that she must have been playing a part all along for this very purpose; that her timidity and bashfulness were assumed, and her self-denial a *ruse*; and that, in point of fact, she was not by any means what she gave herself out to be—an every-day young lady.

For our part we have known many such young ladies in our day—and so have you, and you, and you: the world of society is full of them. We have a notion of our own, indeed, that they are *the sex*; or, in other words, that they are the class from which are drawn our conventional notions of womankind, and that the rest—that is, those women who have what is called character—are counterfeit women. The feminine virtues are all of a retiring kind, which does not mean that they are invisible even to strangers, but that they are seen through a half-transparent veil of feminine timidity and self-postponement. In like manner, the *physique* of women, truly so called, is not remarkable or obtrusive: their eyes do not flash at you like a pistol, nor their voices arrest suddenly your attention, as if they said, Stand and deliver! That men in general admire the exceptions rather than the rule, may be true, but that is owing to bad taste, coarseness of mind, or the mere hurry of society, which prevents them from observing more than its salient points. For our part we have always liked the every-day young ladies, and sometimes we felt inclined to love a few of them; but somehow it never went beyond inclination. This may have been owing in part to the headlong life one leads in the world, but in part likewise—if we may venture the surmise—to our own sensitiveness preventing us from poking ourselves upon the sensitiveness of other people.

A great many every-day young ladies have been represented in the character of heroines of romance; but there they are called by other names, and made to run about, and get into predicaments, so that one does not know what to make of them. The Countess Isabelle of Croye is an extremely every-day young lady; but look how she runs away, and how she sees a bishop murdered at supper, and how she is going to be married to a wild Boar, and how at last, after running away again, she gives her hand and immense possessions to a young Scotsman as poor as a church mouse! Who can tell, in such a hurry-skurry, what she is in her individuality, or what she would turn out to be if let alone, or if the author had a turn for bringing out every-day characters? Then we have every-day young ladies set up for heroines without doing anything for it at all, and who look in the emergencies of life just as if they were eating bread and butter, or crying over a novel at home. Of such is Evelina, who has a sweet look for every person, and everything, in every possible situation, and who is expected, on the strength of that sole endowment, to pass for a heroine of every-day life. This is obviously improper; for an every-day young lady has a principle of development within her like everybody else. If you expose her to circumstances, these circumstances must act upon her in one way or another; they must bring her out; and she must win a husband for herself, not get him by accident, blind contact, or the strong necessity of marrying—a necessity which has no alternative in the case of a heroine but the grave.

Such blunders, however, are now at an end; for a real every day young lady has come out into public life, and an illumination has been thrown upon the class, which must proceed either from one of themselves or from inspiration.* But we are not going to criticise the book; for that would bring us to loggerheads with the critics, not one of whom has the least notion of the nature of the charm they all confess. This charm consists in its painting an every-day young lady to the life, and for the first time; and it by no means consists, as it is said to do, in the plot, which is but indifferently concocted, or in the incidents, that are sometimes destitute both of social and artistical truth. Anne Dysart herself, however, is a masterly portrait. Its living eyes are upon us from first to last, following us like the eyes of those awful pictures in the dining-room of long ago, which we could not escape from in any corner of the room. But Anne's eyes are not awful; they are sweet, calm, gentle. The whole figure is associated with the quieter and better parts of our nature. It comes to us, with its shy looks and half-withdrawn hands, like somebody we knew all our lives, and still know: somebody who walks with us, mellowing, but not interrupting our thoughts; somebody who sits by us when we are writing or reading, and throws a creamy hue upon the paper; somebody whose breath warms us when it is cold, and whose shadow stands between us and the scorching sun; somebody, in short, who gives us assurance, we know not how, of an every-day young lady.

To paint a character which has no salient points demands a first-rate artist; but to see the inner life of a quiet, timid, retiring mind, is the exclusive privilege of a poet. To suppose that there is no inner life in such minds, or none worth observing, is a grand mistake. The crested wave may be a picturesque or striking object in itself; but under the calm, smooth surface of the passionless sea there are beautiful things to behold—painted shells, and corals, and yellow sands, and sea plants stretching their long waving arms up to the light. How many of us sail on without giving a glance to such things, our eyes fixed on the frowning or inviting headland, or peopling the desert air with phantoms! Just so do we turn away from what seems to us the void of every-day life to grapple with the excitements of the world.

Anne Dysart is not Miss Douglas's Anne Dysart: she is yours, ours, everybody's. She is the every-day young lady. The author did not invent her; she found her where the Highlandman found the tongs—by the fireside. And that is her true position, where alone she is at home. When she goes into society, unless it be among associates, she is always under some sort of alarm. She is told that there is company in the drawing-room, strangers come to visit—young ladies celebrated for their beauty and accomplishments—and she treads the stairs with a beating heart, feeling awkward and ignorant, and enters with a desperate calmness. The visitors, however, like her, she is so modest and unobtrusive; and the every day young lady is charmed and even affected by their patronising kindness. She is reputed by these persons as "a nice girl, rather amiable-looking, but not in the least like the heroine of a novel." When she visits them in return, she is at first oppressed with a feeling of shyness, but at length still more overpowered by the kindness with which she is received, and she walks to the window to conceal her emotion. In this position our Anne—for we deny that Miss Douglas has any special property in her—comes out strong: "As Anne now stood, dressed in deep mourning, the blackness of her garments only relieved by a small white collar and pair of cuffs, the expression of her countenance very pensive, her eyes shining mildly in the sunlight which was reflected from the crimson curtain upon her at present somewhat pale cheek, Mrs. Grey, as she whispered to Charlotte, 'Really, poor thing, she does look very interesting!' felt the influence of her peculiar charm, without, however, comprehending its source."

Anne attracts the attention of one of the company, a harsh-featured, ungraceful person, under forty, with a large mouth, determined lips, deep-set thoughtful eyes, and a confused mass of dark hair hanging over a large and full forehead. Whereupon she instantly feels uncomfortable and frightened. But for all that, it is settled that the *bête noir* walks home with her; and resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, onward they go, these two fated individuals, in solemn silence. The conversation which at length begins consists of unpolite questions on the gentleman's part, and constrained answers on that of the lady; but at length she is saved from replying to a specially disagreeable and impertinent interrogatory by stumbling over a stone.

"*Did you fall on purpose?*" said he. The every-day young lady is both frightened and displeased, and being further urged, feels something actually resembling indignation. When they part, it is with a feeling on her part of inexpressible relief, and she thinks to herself that she had never before met so singular or so disagreeable a man.

This is unpromising: but it is correct. The every-day young lady *thinks* of the rough, odd man; and he is struck now and then by a word or a look in her which piques his curiosity or interests his feelings. He at length learns to look into her calm, soft eyes, and sees through the passionless surface of her character some precious things gleaming in its depths. The following quotation will show at what length he arrives:—"Anne pondered for a few minutes. She had a rather slow though a sound understanding. There was some truth in what Mr. Bolton said, but so great a want of charity, that she felt from the first as if, some way or other, he could not be quite right. It was some time, however, ere she discovered how he was wrong, and even then perhaps could not have defined it. She answered gravely and modestly, but with less timidity than usual.

"But still, Mr. Bolton, it is possible to be both agreeable and sincere. I know it is possible, because I have seen it; and I think that though there is some truth in what you say, yet, as far as my limited experience justifies me in forming an opinion, I should say that truth, united with kindness, is appreciated; indeed I am sure some people have been liked who never flattered: I knew one person at least whom everybody loved, who would not have told a falsehood for the world, and who *was* all he *seemed*."

"I suppose you mean your father? Well, without exactly sharing in your filial enthusiasm, I am inclined to believe that he was a superior man."

"Are you indeed? Why, may I ask?" said Anne very timidly, and venturing for the first time to put a question in her turn.

"Why?" he repeated, with a momentary return of the wonderful smile. "Because his daughter has rather more simplicity of mind, rather more purity of heart, rather more intelligence, rather less frivolity, rather less artifice, rather fewer coquettish tricks to flatter the vanity, and entrap the admiration of silly men—in short, rather more *sincerity* than one meets every day; I guess she must have had a father somewhat above the average." Mr. Bolton spoke in a low tone, and there was in his voice a depth and a softness that struck his listener's ear as being altogether different from its wont. Whatever this difference might be, however, it was not lasting, for when, after a moment's pause, he spoke again, it was with an exaggeration even of his ordinary harshness both of voice and manner: "But you need not fancy I am paying you a compliment. You are no angel; and even during our short acquaintance, I have discovered in you some faults and follies, and doubtless there are others behind. In some respects you are very childish, or perhaps it would be as correct to say *womanish*." With this rude speech, Mr. Bolton concluded, drawing back with an air of having nothing more to say, and assuming a look which seemed to forbid any one to speak to him."

But this wild man chooses her for a wife, proposes for her hand—and is refused. Why so? Because she was an every-day young lady. He was rich; he had good points—nay, great ones, in his character: but he was an uncomfortable man. She could not love him, and she could not think of marrying a man she could not love. Had it been the young clergyman, the case would have been different. A nice young man was he; and, like all other young ladies of her class, Anne had her dreams of gentle happiness, and congeniality of temper, and poetry, and flowers, and sunsets, and a genteel cottage. But the young clergyman could not afford to think of an almost penniless girl for a wife; and so poor Anne's episode was ended before it was well begun; and the affair would have assumed in her solitary heart the enduring form of a Mystery, if exigencies had not arisen to call forth feelings and resolves that brook no such unsubstantial companions.

This every-day young lady had a brother in Edinburgh, and the brother fell into folly, and misery, and sickness, and desperate poverty.—He wanted a friend, a nurse, a servant, and she knew that his bedside was her natural post.—The difficulty was to get so far with her poor little funds; but this is accomplished, and instead of the outside of the mail on a wintry night, she has even had the good fortune to enjoy an inside seat, some gentleman being seized with the caprice of encountering the frost and snow. This gentleman, she discovers afterwards, is her discarded lover; and he—how many discoveries does he make! The every-day young lady, thrown into the battle of circumstances, rises with the strife. She who had been accustomed to sit silent, seeming to agree with others in what was untrue, merely from want of courage, now endures without flinching the extremities even of actual want. Now come out, one by one, obvious to the sight, the thousand beautiful things in the depths of her quiet mind; and the eyes of the odd gentleman are dimmed with emotion as he looks at them. Already had she begun to wonder at this man, to call his austerity melancholy, to grieve that he was unhappy, to think what he could be thinking about; and now, when she and her darling brother are saved, protected, held up by his strong hand, the hold he takes of her imagination communicates itself insensibly to her heart. His features lose their harshness—his deep-set eyes become soft—his lips relax—and finally, he cuts his hair. What more needs be said?

But we take leave to disagree with this individual in his idea that Anne Dysart has more simplicity, purity, and quiet intelligence than other every-day young ladies. She is, on the contrary, nothing more than a type of the class; and the fact is proved by the resemblance in her portrait being at once recognized. We do not stand upon the color of her hair, or eyes, or other physical characteristics, for these are mere averages, and may be very different in our Anne and yours; but her shyness, hesitation, and cowardice—her modesty, gentleness, and truth—these are stereotyped traits, and are the same in all. But when such qualities rise, or become metamorphosed, to meet the exigencies of life, how do we recognize them? By intuition. We acknowledge in others the principle of development which we feel in ourselves. Our fault is, that we pass over as worthy of no remark, no careful tending, no holy reverence, the slumbering germs of all that is good and beautiful in the female character, and suffer our attention to be engrossed by its affectations and monstrosities. Let us correct this fever of the taste. Let us learn to enjoy the still waters and quiet pastures. When we see an every-day young lady flitting about our rooms, or crossing our paths, or wandering by our side, let us regard her no more as if she were a shadow, or a part of the common atmosphere, necessary, though unheeded: let us look upon her with fondness and respect, and if we would be blessed ourselves, let us say—God bless her!

L. R.

* Anne Dysart; a Tale of Every-Day Life. 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

THE ONE PLANK.—A Russian ship of war was overtaken by a violent storm on the coast of Kamtschatka, stranded and dashed to pieces on a reef. A sailor attempted to reach the shore on a fragment of the wreck. In a little while he perceived one of the officers, M. Minski, struggling with the waves, and offered him a share of his plank. "No, my boy," he cried, "it is too light for two of us; God has given it to you; keep it, and go and tell my wife that I die with her upon my mind." The sailor urged; the officer again declined. This noble combat lasts an instant; when, seeing that his superior determined to refuse this anchor of safety, the sailor pushed the plank with all his force towards him, and sank in the waves. The officer was preserved.

QUININE.—Dr. B. H. Thomas, of Baltimore, in a communication to Dr. Hays, of Philadelphia, which is published in his Journal of Medical Sciences, mentions the fact, that quinine may be deprived of its bitterness by combining it with tannic acid. The proportion which he suggests for neutralizing the bitterness, is, quinine ten grains, to tannic acid one and a-half grains.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY CORNELIA HUNTINGTON.

Hush—hush! the year is dying—
Hark! through old forests dim—
The wailing winds are sighing
Their requiem over him—
In quiet, deep and holy,
He sinks to his repose;
And languidly and slowly
His weary eyelids close.

Now some with tearful sadness,
The parting year review;
While others hail with gladness,
The advent of the new.
In glad young hearts are welling
Fresh fountains of delight,
In many a festive dwelling
The Christmas fires are bright;

And stricken ones are weeping
Beside the darkened hearth,
O'er loved and lost ones sleeping,
Low in the tranquil earth—
Strange—strange—what bitter blighting—
What deeds to startle thought—
Wild, wonderful, exciting,
One short, sad year hath wrought!

While we stir the dust of ages,
Time's dreamy realms explore—
Spell out from mould'ring pages,
Their quaintly written lore—
'Twere well to bind this lesson,
For profit, on the heart,
"Men only live to hasten
Like shadows to depart."

Selected Sketch.

THE BARGAIN.

THE GAINER AND THE LOSER.

"What have you got there, husband?" said Mrs. Courtland to her thrifty and careful spouse, as the latter paused in the open door, to give some directions to a couple of porters who had just set something on the pavement in front of the house.

"Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you. Here, Henry! John! bring it in here," and the two partners entered with a beautiful sofa, nearly new.

"Why, that *is* a beauty, husband! How kind you are!"

"It's second hand, you perceive, but it is hardly soiled—no one would know the difference."

"It's just as good as new. What did you give for it?"

"That's the best part of it. It is a splendid bargain. It didn't cost a cent less than a hundred dollars. Now, what do you think I got it for?"

"Sixty dollars?"

"Guess again."

"Fifty?"

"Guess again."

"Forty-five?"

"No. Try again."

"But what *did* you give for it, dear?"

"Why, only twenty dollars!"

"Well, now, that is a bargain."

"Ain't it though? It takes *me* to get the things cheap," continued the prudent Mr. Courtland, chuckling with delight.

"Why, how in the world did it go off so low?"

"I managed that. It ain't every one that understands how to do these things."

"But how did you manage it, dear? I should like to know."

"Why, you see, there were a great many other things there, and among the rest some dirty carpets. Before the sale I pulled over these carpets and threw them upon the sofa, a good deal of dust fell from them, and made the sofa look fifty per cent. worse than it really was. When the sale was commenced, there happened to be but few persons there, and I asked the auctioneer to sell the sofa first, as I wanted to go, and I would bid for it if it sold then. Few persons bid freely at the opening of a sale.

"What's bid for this splendid sofa?" he began.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for it," said I; "it's not worth more than that, for it's dreadfully abused."

"Fifteen dollars! fifteen dollars! only fifteen dollars for this beautiful sofa!" he went on; and a man next to me bid seventeen dollars. I let the auctioneer cry the last bid for a few minutes until I saw he was likely to knock it down.

"Twenty dollars!" said I, "and that's as much as I'll go for it."

"The other bidder was deceived by this as to the real value of the sofa, for it did look dreadfully disfigured by the dust and dirt, and consequently the sofa was knocked off to me."

"That was admirably done, indeed!" said Mrs. Courtland, with a bland smile of satisfaction at having obtained an elegant piece of furniture at so cheap a rate. "And it's so near a match, too, for the sofa in our front parlor."

This scene occurred at the residence of a merchant in this city, who was beginning to count his fifty thousands. Let us look on the other side of the picture.

On the day previous to this sale, a widow lady with one daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl about seventeen, were seated on a sofa in a neatly furnished parlor in Hudson Street. The mother held in her hand a small piece of paper, on which her eyes were intently fixed; but it could be readily perceived that she saw not the characters that were written upon it.

"What is to be done, ma?" at length asked the daughter.

"Indeed, my child, I cannot tell. The bill is fifty dollars, and has been due, you know, for several days. I haven't got five dollars, and your bill for teaching the Miss Leonards cannot be presented for two weeks, and then it will not amount to this sum."

"Can't we sell something more, ma?" suggested the daughter.

"We have sold all our plate and jewelry, and now I'm sure I don't know what we can dispose of; unless it be something that we really want."

"What do you say to selling the sofa, ma?"

"Well, I don't know, Florence. It don't seem right to part with it. But perhaps we can do without it."

"It will readily bring fifty dollars, I suppose?"

"Certainly. It is of the best wood and workmanship, and cost one hundred and forty dollars. Your father bought it a short time before he died, and that is less than two years past, you know."

"I should think it would bring nearly one hundred dollars," said Florence, who knew nothing of auction sacrifices, "and that would give us enough, besides paying the quarter's rent, to keep us comfortably until some of my bills become due."

That afternoon the sofa was sent, and on the next afternoon Florence went to the auctioneer's to receive the money for it.

"Have you sold that sofa yet, sir?" asked the timid girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What sofa, Miss?" asked the clerk, looking steadily in her face, with a bold stare.

"The sofa sent by Mrs. ——, sir."

"When was it to have been sold?"

"Yesterday, sir."

"Oh, we haven't got the bill made out yet—You can call the day after to-morrow, and we'll settle it for you."

"Can't you settle it to-day, sir? We want the money, particularly."

Without replying to the timid girl's request, the clerk commenced throwing over the leaves of the account-book, and in a few minutes had taken off the bill of the sofa.

"Here it is—eighteen dollars and sixty cents. See if it's right, and then sign this receipt."

"Ain't you mistaken, sir? It was a beautiful sofa, and cost one hundred and forty dollars."

"That's all it brought, Miss, I assure you. Furniture sells very badly now."

Florence rolled up the bills that were given her, and returned home with a heavy heart.

"It only brought eighteen dollars and sixty cents, ma," she said, throwing the notes into her mother's lap, and bursting into tears.

"Heaven only knows, then, what we really shall do," said the widow, clasping her hands together, and looking upwards.

There are always two parties in the case of bargains—the gainer and the loser; and while the one is delighted with the advantage he has obtained, he thinks nothing of the necessities which have forced the other party to accept the highest offer. But few buyers of bargains think or care about taking this view of the subject.

A POET'S CHILDHOOD.—One of our first living poets speaking of the strange idiosyncracies of childhood, told us that he used to take a great and painful delight in looking at a star—or rather its reflection in the waters of a certain moat belonging to Fort George, in Invernesshire, not far from his father's parsonage. He used to watch it with a species of fascination, mingled with fear, until it grew a passion. He recollects once trying to hit it with a stone, and running away frightened to see it, when the rippling of the water had subsided, shining down bright and calm as ever. "My great secret-keeper, my dear mother," he adds, "chided me gently for striking what I loved—but it was not love I felt for that star."

Agricultural.

HOWLAND & WOOLSEY'S PROCESS FOR REFINING SUGAR.

This process is expected to prove as important to cane growers as the cotton gin has to the cotton trade. It was discovered simultaneously in France and Yankee-land, but the above named gentlemen have purchased the rights of both claimants for the United States. Those unacquainted with the process of refining sugar will appreciate the importance of this discovery, when told that the operation which is at present slow and tedious, *occupying several weeks* in its many stages, is performed by the new process in *two minutes*. A number of the New York Sun of a late date contained a description from which we cut the following:

The invention is one of remarkable ingenuity and certainty in its operations. The sugar to be refined is mixed with molasses until it is of a semi-fluid consistency. The mass is then placed within a revolving sieve, the wires of which are so fine as to retain the sugar, but permitting the exit of the liquid parts. By means of steam power the tremendous velocity of two thousand revolutions per minute is given to the sieve; and so great is the centrifugal force thus applied to the mixture within, that the molasses and impurities instantly *fly off*, leaving the sugar behind, purified, white, and, what seems singular, perfectly dry. The article thus produced is what is generally known as refined brown sugar. It resembles powdered loaf sugar, and needs but one more operation to convert it into the loaf. The entire machine occupies but little more space than a good sized wash-tub.

The great value of this discovery will be apparent to all. Sugar planters at the South have comparatively no facilities for sugar refining. They ship their products just as they come from the plantation boiler, and here in the North we do their refining. It is chiefly for this purpose that the vast refineries which tower up in various parts of the city, and other places have been erected. But their occupation will soon be gone.

We are glad the invention has fallen into the hands it has. Messrs. Howland & Woolsey are gentlemen of enterprize and liberality. They will place the invention at the service of every sugar planter in the country, make money for themselves and the planters, and save vast sums to the people—the poor especially; for the result will soon be a reduction in the price of clean sugars. The annual amount of refined sugar consumed in this country is estimated at 100,000,000 lbs. A reduction of two cents per pound would be a gain of two millions of dollars for the people. The first of these machines ever produced on a practical scale in this country has recently been constructed at the large machine works of Mr. G. B. Hartson, Nos. 58 and 60 Vesey Street. Trials were made yesterday and the day previous, in the presence of many practical men—refiners—and all were utterly astonished at the results shown. The machine tried is of a capacity to refine two hundred pounds of sugar in two minutes.

WHITE WEED FOR MILCH COWS AND HORSES.—I saw, in the Cultivator, a few discussions on white weed, and was in hopes its merits would have been discussed more fully. I am induced to offer a few remarks on the qualities of the white weed, and I write from experience. I have a cow that usually went dry between two and three months. The Fall before last I fed her with green corn stalks; in the Winter with a quantity of carrots, ruta baga and potatoes, besides feeding her with clover, herds grass and red top hay, tending her myself, and being milked by one milker, yet she went dry two and a half months. Last season, being a dry season, I had a great quantity of white weed. I fed her principally on this without carrots, ruta baga, potatoes or corn stalks. Now, as it is an old saying, "the proof of the pudding is in eating," I can say the proof of white weed is in milking; the result was, I left off milking when she gave three quarts per day, and in twelve days she brought a calf!

I wish to render unto Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar. Your Vermont correspondent calls it a vile weed, and says it yields five hundred pounds to the acre. Did he ever weigh it? I have seen the bulk of a ton and a half to the acre. Generally where white weed grows, white clover grows with it; it bears a great quantity of seed, and requires to be cut before the blossoms begin to curl, and while the juice is in the stalk. We cut it the first week in July; it is excellent food for horses. I have heard old and experienced hostlers say, that a good fodder of it was equal to two quarts of oats.—My neighbor told me a few days ago, that his horse was very poor in the Spring, by being fed on clover and herds grass the season before; last season he kept his horse on white weed, and he was fat in the Spring; he says his horse is not now so fat, as when put to pasture in the Spring.

I wish some of your subscribers would give white weed a fair trial as I have, and satisfy themselves.—*Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.*

NEW WAY OF RAISING PIGS.—Mr. W. H. Ray, one of the most intelligent farmers of Matthews county, Virginia, has adopted the plan of separating the sow from the pigs and suckling them at stated times just as is common with calves. When the pigs are one day old, it is very easy to turn the sow out and leave the pigs in the pen. The sow is turned in at night and out in the morning, and also at noon, during the infancy of the pigs. By this plan, they can be the better fed than when together.

It is needless to say that the kind kept by Mr. Ray, are worth taking this little trouble with. They are Berkshire and grazier. He says that both sows and pigs do enough better to pay all trouble.

Dr. Mallory, of Hampton, Virginia, has a new way of keeping both pigs and negroes honest and out of mischief. He gives each man and woman two, and each working boy one pig in the spring of the year, and requires them to shut them in pens, each one's pigs by themselves, and to keep them well furnished with materials to make manure. To each of these pigs is dealt out a daily ration of two ears of corn, until "roasting ear time," and the owners are allowed to feed them all they will eat until killing time. The pork is then equally divided between master and servant who sells his part for cash. The doctor believes the manure is worth as much as the corn, fed during the summer; and there is another advantage connected with the plan—the negro is not tempted to steal corn, perhaps, from the horses, to feed his pig, and besides, it is contrary to negro nature to run away and leave a fat pig.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

SPANISH TOBACCO IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The editor of the Wilmington, (N. C.) Commercial, states that he has seen part of an experimental crop of tobacco, raised in that neighborhood, from Spanish seed. It is very superior, and the specimen warrants the belief that the sand hills of North Carolina, under proper cultivation, will produce as fine tobacco as any country in the world.

The Olio.

A HINT IN ACOUSTICS.—The ancients are understood to have placed empty vases or pots in the walls of their theatres, forums, &c., in order to concentrate sound at particular points; such a course might probably be adopted with advantage in concert rooms—reverberations not being so objectionable in music as in oratory; and it would be likely to enhance the effect of tubes, or continuous rods of straight grained wood, were laid as conductors from the place of performance to each concavity. Were theatres intended for musical performances only, a niche, in form the segment of a sphere, might be sunk in the back of every box in each tier, so as, by concentrated reverberation, to give to the music a presence in the most extreme distances within the house. The following circumstance, related by Dr. Arnott, may be quoted in support:—One day, on board a ship sailing along the coast of Brazil, but far out of sight of land, the persons walking the deck, *when passing any particular spot*, heard distinctly, during an hour or two, the sound of bells, varying as in human rejoicings; months afterwards it was ascertained that at the time of observation the bells of the city of St. Salvador, about one hundred miles distant, had been rung on the occasion of a festival; and favored by a gentle wind, the last, or at least to the human ear, the inaudible vibrations of the sound had been conveyed thus far, and been concentrated in a focus by the concavity of a sail, and rendered sensible to the hearing.

☞ Some "bottle-nose whales" have been seen off Ireland. It is but fair to infer, then, that they were pointing their noses toward *Cork*.

MARRIED AGAINST HIS WILL.

Sir Walter Scott used to relate the following curious anecdote:

My Cousin Watty was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth. He and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing; but their landlady answered:

"No, gentlemen, you shall not escape until you pay your reckoning," and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender mercies of a sufficient number of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released.

"No, no," said Mrs. Quickley. "I must be satisfied in some way or other; you must be aware that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time."

The sailors made long faces, and confessed that it was true.

"Well," said she, "I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband—or at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow is, that one of you consents to marry me. I don't care a snap which it is, but one of you I'll have, or else you'll all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!"

The virago was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church. The bride on returning gave them a good substantial dinner, and several bottles of wine apiece, and having tumbled them into a wherry sent them off.

The ship sailed, and the young men scrupulously adhered to the oath of secrecy that had been made previous to drawing lots.

The bride merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation.

Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipman's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them, carelessly reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, forgetting in his ecstacy his oath of secrecy, and cried out:

"Thank Heaven, my wife is hanged!"

CHINESE RECIPE FOR TEA.—The following very precise and clear prescription for making tea, according to Major Noah owes its paternity to Kien Lung, Emperor of China:

"Set an old three-legged tea-pot over a slow fire; fill it with water of melted snow; boil it just as long as is necessary to turn fish white and lobsters red. Pour it on the leaves of choice in a cup of Youe. Let it remain until the vapor subsides into a thin mist floating on the surface. Drink the precious liquor at your leisure, and thus drive away the five causes of sorrow."

The Major adds that the proper way to draw tea is in a hot pot, scalded with a cup of hot water; let it stand five minutes, until all the leaves are unfolded, and then add the hot water, graduating the strength as you may desire it.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 3, 28, 9, 12, 17, 20, 27, 21, 7, 26, was a General, and founder of the United States.

My 28, 10, 27, 25, 16, 11, 10, 5, was a Roman Emperor.

My 20, 19, 30, was a French General, who bore the title of the "bravest of the brave."

My 1, 15, 22, 20, 4, 18, 28, 16, was a renowned Spartan General.

My 24, 25, 1, 1, was a well known American naval officer.

My 23, 2, 29, 18, 17, 29, 28, 26, 18, was one of the Kings of Spain.

My 3, 28, 1, 6, 2, 14, was an American officer who fell during the Mexican war.

My 13, 19, 14, 8, 2, 10, 16, was a Roman satirist.

My whole is the name of a heroic General, together with the title he held. ERNEST.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Without my first a lady's dress,
Would never be complete.
My second's made to hold my first,
A soft and pleasant seat.

L. M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number is that from which if you subtract [illegible], its 1-8, its 1-10, and to the product add [illegible] will be reduced one-half? EULER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father bequeaths his estate, consisting of $10,000, among his three children. He gives the first [illegible] more than the second, and to the third one-third as much as to the first. What is the share of each?

J. B. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is that lady whose [illegible] nobody wants, though her mother is welcomed by all parties?
Ans.—Miss Fortune's misfortune.

☞ Why is a man committing murder in a garret like a good man?
Ans.—He is above committing a bad action.

☞ From what motive does a fishwoman cry?
Ans.—From a selfish motive (Sell Fish).

☞ According to the laws of retaliation, what right have you to pick a portrait painter's pocket?
Ans.—He has picked yours (Pictures).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

CHARADE.—Pulpit.

PROBLEM.—31 horses.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

A spoke from "the wheel of Fortune."
The frame of the "picture of Health."
A verse from the "chapter of accidents."
A pair of shoes mended by a "sherry cobbler."
A boot made on the "last of the Mohicans."

For Housekeepers.

FARINA FLUM PUDDING.—Having extracted the seeds from half a-pound of the best raisins, cut them in half, and dredge them well with sifted flour, to prevent their clodding, or sinking in the pudding. Pick, wash, and dry half a pound of Zante currants, and dredge them also with flour. Prepare a heaped teaspoonful of powdered spice; nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon mixed together. Boil three pints of milk, and while it is boiling, sprinkle in a half pound of farina. Next add the spice, and let it boil a quarter of an hour longer. Then take it up and set it to cool. When it is lukewarm, stir in gradually, six well-beaten eggs, in turn with the raisins and currants; a large piece of fresh butter; and a small glass of brandy. You may add some slips of citron, dredged with flour. Stir the mixture very hard. Put it into a buttered pudding mould. Tie a double cloth tightly over the top, and place it in a pot of boiling water. Boil it three or four hours; and then turn it out on a dish. Eat it with wine-sauce; or with cold butter and sugar stirred together to a cream, and flavored with nutmeg and lemon.

ROSEBURY TEA CAKE.—On bread-making day take a pound or a quart of very light wheaten bread dough, just before the leaves are put into the oven. Lay it in an earthen pan, and mix in, gradually, and alternately, three well-beaten eggs; a half-pint of powdered white sugar; half a pint of rich milk or cream; half a pint or half a pound of fresh butter; and a tea-spoonful of mixed spice, powdered mace, nutmeg and cinnamon; with a wine-glass of rose-water. Mix the whole thoroughly, beating and stirring it well. Lastly, add a yeast powder; dissolving in one cup the portion of soda in a little lukewarm water, and mixing it into the dough; and melting in another cup the tartaric acid, and then stirring *that* in. Sprinkle some flour on your paste-board, and make the dough into small round cakes. Having pricked the tops with a fork, lay them in a buttered pan, set them immediately into the oven, and bake them brown. Eat them fresh, the day they are baked. You may bake the dough all in one loaf.

This cake will be improved by the addition of some raisins of the best quality, seeded and cut in half; and well-dredged with flour to prevent their sinking into a clod.

For a larger quantity, you must have two quarts of risen bread-dough; six eggs; a pint of powdered sugar; a pint of milk; a pound of fresh butter; and a table spoonful of mixed spice; two wine glasses of rose-water; and two yeast powders, or a full tea spoonful of soda, and somewhat less than a tea-spoon of tartaric acid.—*Miss Leslie's Receipt Book.*

Selected Articles.

HOW THE CANDLE BURNS.

INTERESTING FACTS IN CHEMISTRY.

The following description of the process by which a candle burns, is prepared from "The Chemistry of a Candle," published in Dickens's "Household Words."

By looking down on the top of a wax candle, a little cup of melted wax may be seen just around the wick. The cool air keeps the outside hard, so that a rim is formed, which prevents the melted wax from running down the side. The wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burned, just as the oil does in the wick of a lamp. It goes up through the little passages in the cotton wick, because very small channels, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. This power is called capillary attraction.

When the candle is blown out a smoke rises from the wick. If a bit of lighted paper be held in the smoke, the candle will light again without touching the flame to the wick. This shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapor; and this vapor burns and communicates the fire to the wick.

When the candle is lighted, the heat of the burning vapor keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up within the flame, where it is turned into vapor and burned; and this process is continued until the wax is all used up, and the candle is gone, or burned up, as it is termed.

Notwithstanding the flame of the candle looks flat, it is both round and hollow, and runs up to a point. It is thus drawn up by the hot air. Hot air always rises—and that is the way smoke is taken up a chimney. It goes up with the current of heated air.

The bright flame of the candle is often no thicker than a sheet of paper, and it does not even touch the wick. That the flame is hollow may be seen by taking a piece of paper and holding it for a second or two down upon the candle flame, keeping the flame steady. When the black from the smoke has been rubbed off, it will be seen that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring, while inside of the ring it is only soiled, and not scarcely singed at all.

Inside of this hollow flame is the vapor spoken of just now. By putting one end of a bent tube into the middle of the flame, and the other end into a bottle, the vapor, or gas from the candle, will mix with the air in the bottle. If fire be set to this mixture of air and gas it will explode with a report.

The flame of the candle, then, is a little shining case, with gas inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the gas and the air. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn; and, when the candle burns properly none of it passes out through the flame, and none of the air gets through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in the case of flame.

A candle will not burn without air. If it has not enough air it goes out, or burns badly, so that some of the vapor inside of the flame comes out in the form of smoke. A candle smokes because the wick is so large that in burning it makes too much fuel, or vapor, in proportion to the air that can get to it—consequently some of the vapor must escape in the form of smoke.

The smoke that comes out of a candle is what burns and makes the light. This smoke is a cloud of small dust or bits of charcoal, or carbon. These are made in the flame, and burned by it, and while burning make the flame bright. They are burned the moment they are made, but the flame goes on making more of them; and that is how the flame keeps bright.

These little grains of carbon are made in the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax, and, as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin flame they burn. Carbon, or charcoal, is what causes the brightness of all lamps and candles, as well as gas light; hence there must be carbon in what they are made of.

THE PEEL FAMILY.

HOW THEY BECAME SO RICH.

Below is an interesting history of the currency by which Sir Robert Peel became the founder of a family so eminent in their country. We are informed that the old woman was as hard-working, industrious a person, as the grandmother of the American Minister's daughter:

About seventy persons have been led to suppose, from the notices which have appeared about him, that he was the descendant of some haughty house, the offspring of a lordly race. But it is not so: his great wealth was acquired by the sagacity, enterprise and ingenuity of his grandfather, and the purchase of one useful invention for a very small sum. An account of this will not be uninteresting, and it will enable us to review, briefly, the progress of one art, namely, Calico Printing. During the early part of the last century, calico printing was not known in England. This kind of goods derived the name from Calcutta, from which place they were taken to England. Among the men in England who took a lively interest in her rising manufactures, was the grandfather of Robert Peel, a small but industrious farmer of Blackburn, in Lancashire. He was the inventor of the card cylinder for carding cotton, and then he taught himself to print cotton cloth—cutting his own block, making his own colors, printing the goods, and then his wife and daughters set to work and ironed them. This was a clumsy way to finish calicoes, but it was the only way known then, and there was an abundant sale for them, however coarse their finish. But the old farmer was not satisfied with this slow process, and no doubt he was a considerable man, for he set his inventive faculties to work, and invented the Mangle, which at once relieved his wife and daughters of their severe toil, and finished the goods much quicker, and far better. He afterwards got older machinery for finishing, kept it secret, and produced the best finished goods then in the English market, and he was soon at the head of an extensive business, and possessed of great wealth. He was prudent and economical also. His son, the father of Sir Robert, greatly assisted him, and became a very rich man. He was also a man of great ingenuity, and he purchased of the inventor of printing calicoes with the pattern engraved on a copper revolving cylinder—impressing the pattern on the cloth which fell in between it and another cylinder covered with a blanket. This was an improvement for great speed over block printing, but the styles of block printing long and successfully competed with them, and this was the cause of many successive quarrels between the printers and their employers, would still be a good and extensive business. In France block printing is still carried on quite extensively. It is stated that Sir Robert Peel's father purchased the secret of making *resist paste*, from a person named Grouse, for twenty-five dollars, and that he realized fifty thousand from it. The use of this paste is printed on white cloth, the cloth then dyed, and afterwards washed, when all those parts which have been covered with the paste, appear white. The white and the blue common calico patterns.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

A numerous family is quite a treasure to a Russian peasant. The number of his sons increases the number of acres of land which he farms, and his daughters are married off early. He is not asked to provide them with a marriage portion; nay, he is sometimes paid for them. The lower classes in almost every part of Europe think it a curse to be blessed with many children, and they are partly a real load to health. Hence the population increases very fast, as nearly one-half of the children are [illegible] killed by over-feeding. Then, as [illegible] we never can tell, the census of this [illegible] married couple in Russia, but one third of them die in their infancy. The extraordinary abundance of the necessaries of life is a powerful encouragement to marriage, and the crimes of misconduct and self-indulgence are things not unusually ever heard of. Some frightful abuses result from this state of things. A late traveller in Russia tells of a boy six and seven years of age who was actually married to a female some years older, and says that the tyrant in cases of women of four-and-twenty. He states the cases of wives who carried their husbands about in their arms. These unnatural marriages were a cause of the most disgraceful consequences. They are supported by the father, whose young wife he had [illegible] with. Often the boy grew up he found his wedded wife an old woman, and made all haste to have one of his own married to some girl whose age and appearance were more congenial to his taste. Baron Haxthausen confirms this statement, and declares his opinion that though the practice has of late been forbidden by law, it is still held by the custom of the country, and by the interest of interest.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

☞ The Irish seem to be taking the American sea-serpent "quite intirely" out of the hands of the Yankees. It is a Bruit labor to imagine an Irish-American sea serpent. The only pictures we have seen of it are those of a short pipe in his mouth, brandishing a shillelagh with one of his fins, shouting out:

"Will any jintleman put tird upon me tail?"

A QUESTION IN THE FRENCH.—Now, be candid and tell the truth? Would you be so willing to part with all your *change* if you could but get a good *Sovereign*?—*Punch.*